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### SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the stray in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lleut, Perry Hunter, turns to hatred, Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay, Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick, Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant rufman named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the rufflan had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankie. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom professes his love for Jenne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut, and there finds her father's diary, which discloses the explorer's suspicion of Roscoe. The ruffan returns to the hut and sees Jeanne. He is intent on murder, when the skyman swoops down and the ruffan flees. Jeanne gives Cayley her father's diary to read. The yacht disappears and Roscoe's plans to capture it are revealed. Jeanne's only hope is in Cayley. The seriousness of their situation becomes apparent to Jeanne and the sky-man.

# CHAPTER XIII,-Continued.

Suddenly he was flying downward. as fast as gravity and his great wings would take him. Drenched with the sweat of a sudden terror, cleaving the air so fast that the sound of its whining rose to a scream through his taut rigging. Down he slanted, seaward a little, past the end of the great headland. Then, with the sudden exertion of all his strength, upon one lowered wing, the other flashing high like the stroke of a scimitar, in the curve of the shortest possible arc, he shot landward, pounced, checked, and alighted not far from the girl.

She had been seated upon a broken ledge of rock when he had first caug' sight of her. She was in act of getting to her feet when he alighted, not a half dozen paces away.

She had been pale, but her color had come back now in a sudden surge. She was breathing unsteadily and her hands were clasped against her breast. "You-you musn't fly like that," she said. "If you had been an eagle, the way you wheeled and came rushing down out of the sky would have terrifled me. I shut my eyes in order not to see you killed."

He did not answer her at once, and she, looking intently into his face, went on. "You know it was dangerous. You thought yourself that you were going to be killed. I can see the horror of it in your eyes."

Then he got his breath. "You're safe?" he questioned unsteadily. "You were in danger, sudden danger, and in terror at it. That was what frightened me, that sudden knowledge. I came down, fearing I should be too late."

"I had a fright," she admitted; "but don't see how you could know. I'm very sure I didn't cry out."

"No, I heard nothing, no sound at all. I just knew, and so I came to you as fast as I could. What was it that frightened you?"

"Nothing at all, I imagine. I was sitting here on the ledge, looking at that wonderful sky, and all at once I found I was growing afraid. I didn't know what it was about, at all. I suppose it was just because I was a little tired and had begun to realize that I was a long way from-from home. I had come around the headland, not really to look for more firewood, but in the hope that I might happen to find a clue to where the stores are hid. from where Philip was standing. den; and, as I said, suddenly it seemed a long way back and I began to find myself afraid. And then, being afraid, I-well, I thought I saw something moving up there behind the rocks-something big, bigger than a man, and whitish-yellow."

make out nothing in the deep, vibrant blue shadows.

"That's likely enough," he told her. "It was probably a bear. If it was, we're in luck. I'll come back by and by and go gunning for him. But first, I'm going to take you-home."

She had used the word before, but in what sense he was not entirely sure; and she had undoubtedly used it not more than half consciously. At any rate, when he said it now she flushed a little, and so did he, and their eyes, meeting, brightened sud-

Silently he turned away from her and began furling up his wings, and she helped him, as she had helped him that other time when he had tried to convince her that he was not a dream.

When it was done, they set out slowly, in the deepening twilight, for

"It's very good of you to walk down here with me," she said, "you who could fly."

# CHAPTER XIV.

The Red-Bound Book. By the time they had reached the headland, the whole beach before them was enveloped in the sapphire shadow of the cliff, and the little cluster of huts toward which they were trudging was hardly distinguishable. It was not until they had halved the distance that the girl made out the little plume of rose-colored smoke that floated above Philip's newly constructed chimney.

But the next instant he laid a hand upon her arm and, with the other, pointed imperatively down the beach toward the hut. "Whether you saw try to speak. him before, or not," he said, with a short grim laugh, "you can see him it meant. This place that they had

Looking where he pointed, she saw a big, yellowish-white, ungainly thing come lumbering round the corner of

the hut, upon all fours. "A bear," he said, "and a good big one. You're not to be afraid. This is their tragic plight than anything be- over the cheek and the fingers that really unmerited good luck."

bears?" she asked.

In his answering laugh she heard the ring of rising excitement. "I won't deny," he said, "that if I had my way about it, I'd have you safely shut up inside the hut there before I tried to give her that moment by herself. conclusions with him. Give me the revolver, and take care to keep out of the line of fire. If you see a chance to slip inside the hut, do it. And don't assume that he's dead until I tell you so. These polar bears have no nerves at all. You can't shock them. They don't stop until you have put their locomotor facilities completely out of business."

She was smiling when she handed him the revolver. "Here's luck," she

"Don't be afraid for me," Cayley smiled, too. "Keep behind me, but not so far that you're in any danger of getting cut off in case I have to dance around him a little. There he's winded us already.'

Cayley turned for a last look at her. He had slipped his bundled wings from his back and laid them on the ice. He was still smiling, but somewhat ironically. "I'm half afraid he'll run away," he said, "and half afraid he won't.'

The next instant all doubt on that head was set at rest. The monster hissed and came lumbering toward them, pretty rapidly, across the ice.

Cayley advanced slowly to meet him, but not in a direct line. Instead, he bore off in a curve to the left. The girl understood the maneuver instantly, and, herself, set out landward at a brisk pace, moving in the arc of a circle, parallel to his but larger, in such a way as to keep the bear, Philip and herself, as all three moved in different directions, in a straight line.

They quartered round in this way the bear swerving in well toward Philip, until all three were in a line, about equidistant from the but Philip and the bear, were, perhaps, a dozen paces apart. Without turning, he called over his shoulder to her, "Now run for it-for the hut. I'll keep him amused out here."

At the sound of his voice the bear rushed him. The girl had never in her life found anything so hard to do as to obey orders now. But she did obey and was running at top speed toward the open door of the hut when she heard Cayley fire for the first Just as she reached it, she his second shot. When she heard turned about, panting, to observe the result of it, the two seemed to her to be at horribly close quarters. The bear, reared up on his hind legs, had just lunged forward.

He sprang back clear of the flashing. scythelike cut of those terrible claws. A little to the girl's surpise and considerably to her alarm, he turned and went sprinting up the beach toward the talus, at full speed, the bear ent now." wounded, but not in the least disabled, lumbering after him.

It takes a fast runner to outrun a bear, but Cayley did it. When he reached the foot of the talus, the bear was 20 paces behind him. She saw him stop short, whirl round again and face his pursuer with a shout.

The bear also checked his speed and reared up once more, towering. upon his hind legs. Then Cayley fired twice, the shots coming so closely together as to be hardly distinguishable. One or both of them took instantaneous effect. The great yellowish-white mass tottered forward, and collapsed in a heap only a pace or two

walked back for his wings. When pleted that, glacing over to where she pline a sailor, they set him to picking she met him, half way up the beach, lay, he found her regarding him with oakum. Next to pounding rust off the he was carefully taking the spent a sleepy smile. shells out of his revolver, one at a time, and depositing them in his pock-His eyes followed the direction in useful," he commented; then, with a call out and tell you, but I was too which she had pointed, but could quick look into her face, "I hope you sleepy. I hope I haven't lost it. It weren't frightened when you saw me

"I suppose I shouldn't have been, but I'll have to confess that I was. You weren't trying to get away from him, or you wouldn't have run in that direction. But it looked rather dreadful, just the same. Why did you do it?"

"We were too far down the beach, too near the water's edge before. It whole of my day's work. Of course was too late to skin him and cut him | that's the way to begin our searchup tonight, and I was afraid if a storm | the only way, and tomorrow mornwere to come up before morning, a ingreally big storm, we might lose him. It was a lot easier to get him up the beach before I fired those last two shots than it would have been after. the hut. It occurred to me, only just compromise, won't you, on directly in time, that there was no use in making an abattoir of our front yard."

They had reached the hut, and as he finished speaking, they entered it. Even Philip caught his breath rather suddenly with that first glance about its transformed interior. The driftwood fire, which glowed upon the hearth, filled the whole room with light, and bathed the walls and rafters with warm colors.

Here was their fortress-against the cold and the dark; a fortress, too, against despair. That rude hearth which he had built today was to be their altar of hope.

The girl stood looking at it a moment in silence, her lips pressed tight together, one outstretched hand groping for the door-jamb behind her, as if she wanted the support of something. Even in this warm firelight she looked a little pale. By an evident effort of will she was breathing very deep and steadily. She did not

Cayley understood well enough what come back to for the night was home now, probably the last home she would ever have in the world, if one were to balance the chances fairly. Its warmth and light and comparative comfort fore had done. The thing she was were half embedded in it.

"Aren't they dangerous, these polar fighting with was a sudden wave of

Cayley went out into the little ves tibule and closed and bolted the outer door. He contrived to waste a minute | thing-" he began, and then broke off or two over the trifling task, in order

When he came back, closing the inner door behind him as he did so, he found that she had taken off her cap and the heavy cur coat which had encumbered her shoulders all day, and hung them upon a convenient wooden peg in the wall. She was standing near the fireplace now, warming her cold fingers at the blaze.

Cayley started a little at sight of her, for now she was transformed, Standing there, silhouetted too. against the blaze, in her gray cardigan jacket and moleskins, she looked like a young boy. He had discovered before this that there was not a grain of false modesty about her; nevertheless, it pleased him when, with a certain charming frank simplicity, she called his attention to her costume.

"It's a lucky thing," she observed, 'that I dressed for a scramble over the ice before coming ashore with Uncle Jerry and Mr. Scales. And lucky, too, that I didn't change back when we returned to the Aurora. I left it the second time with no other idea than of pulling about for awhile in the dinghy. I'd have done that just the same if I had dressed for dinner that night, as I usually did."

"Yes," he said. "A skirt would have been a pretty serious matter to people in our situation."

"Show me the rest of our house, the only room I've seen.'

The subdivision of the hut was accomplished by an L-shaped partition, day without encountering him." seven feet or so from the outor. The girl shivered; then, with a seven feet or so from the outor, wall, around two sides of it. It, yielded two tiny, cubical bedrooms (that was the purpose which the wooden bunk in each of them indicated); and a third room of the same width (about seven feet), but running the entire length of the side of the hut nearest the cliff. This room had evidently served for stores and for a kitchen, since part of the reconstructed fireplace projected into it. It was in this last room where the greater part of what the searchers from the Aurora had dismissed as "rubbish" was accumulated.

Cayley did as the girl commanded, and showed her every nook and cupboard which the four walls of the hut contained. When they returned to the living room where the fire was, she dropped down on one of the bunks with a little sigh of fatigue.

"You've been disobeying orders," he said, looking her over with a serious sort of smile. You've let yourself get too tired. You'll have to make up for it by being exceptionally obedi-

As he spoke, he shook out the sleep ing-bag on the bunk, behind where she was sitting.

"You're to lie down on that," he said, "until I can get supper ready; and directly after supper you're to take this bag into whichever of those bedrooms you would like for yours, and really undress and go to bed."

She assented to that after a little demur. That he had rightly guessed the degree of her fatigue was attested by the fact that when he re-entered the hut after dressing the fowl that was to provide their evening meal, he found her cuddled up upon the great sheepskin, fast asleep.

It was not until his rudimentary He waved his hand at the girl, and culinary operations were about com- he said,

"I thought of something just as I "No telling how they may prove "a really beautiful idea. I tried to mind?" was something about-oh, I know. Don't you suppose we might find a clue to where the stores are hidden in father's journal or in the maps?"

> He laid down the drum-stick he had been about to bite into, and gazed at her, partly in astonishment, partly in a sort of amused dismay that the idea had not occurred to him before. "That suggestion," he said, "is worth the

"Tomorrow morning! I thought the worst thing you could possibly say would be after supper. I wanted to let the duck go and begin the search I thought at first of running toward now." She smiled at him. "You'll

> He assented with a laugh. "If you can keep awake, but the first time I catch you nodding-"

> "All right," she said, "only let's hur-ry with the duck." Then, a little later, 'It can't be possible, can it, that we're going to eat the whole of it at one meal? It's beginning to look that

> There was one compensation to the rudeness of their fare and the exiguity of their equipment. Clearing up after dinner was an operation of extreme simplicity.

> When it was completed, Philip heaped more wood on the fire, and in the glow of the crackling flames they spread out the maps and began their search.

"I believe," said Cayley, "that the journal will be worth more than the maps in this search of ours tonight. Anyway, while you work one I can work the other.'

She nodded, picked up the journal and crossed over with it to another of the bunks. There she seated herzelf, tucked her feet up comfortably under her, tailor-fashion, and, propping her chin upon one palm, began to read. The light coming from behind her made, to Cayley's vision, a misty did more to enforce a realization of halo of her hair, and played softly

The sight of her made it hard for him to stick to his maps. But presently he looked up with a sudden question. "Do you happen to find any-

shortly. From her face, half-shaded as was, he could see that what she had been reading just then was no mere description of this land upon which they had been cast away, but something far more personal to the father she had lost here.

"There's something perfectly terrifying," she said, "about father's description of this man Roscoe. Over here near the end, before the sun came back to them, he tells of going out for a walk by himself and of discovering that Roscoe was stalking him, in the hope, he thought, of discovering, in advance of the others, where the gold ledge was. In the twilight, father says, he looked, in his white bear-skins, perfectly enormous and incredible. And Philip-

She closed the book, holding it tight n both hands, and leaning forward a little as she went on, "and Philip, his description sounds-oh, I suppose it's silly, but it sounds like the thing I thought I saw today when I was alone there on the beach, before you came flying down out of the sky. It didn't look like a bear. It wouldn't have been so dreadful if it had."

"It's possible," he said gravely, "it may have been he whom I frightened off when I came down last night. Certainly there was somebody, and that somebody may still be here on shore, though I supposed he had gone out to she commanded presently. "This is join in the attack on the yacht. But it's very strange, if there is any one, that we could have passed a whole

shake of her head as if dismissing the ancanny thought from her mind, said: You started to ask me about something else, and I interrupted."

It took him a moment to collect his thoughts. "Oh, yes. There's something marked here on this map which I took at first for the location of the hut, but it appears now that it was marked before they built it. I wonder if, in the early pages of the fournal. there was a description of any natural formation about here like a cave.

She made as if to open the book, then, suddenly, changed her intention and held it out to him, instead.

"I haven't been playing fair," she said. "I wasn't really looking for anything. I was just reading stories and dreaming over them. It's his handwriting, I think, that makes it so hard to be good. It's-well, almost like hearing his voice. Won't you work dream there was a mystery to penethe book and the maps and give me | trate. But-well, it's time to tell you something to do-with my hands, I mean?-oh, I know I'm tired, but that doesn't matter."

Cayrey's first impulse was to refuse, but it needed only one thoughtful look into her face to convince him that the kindest, as well as the wisest thing was to do as she asked. An uncanny horror of the monstrous Roscoe and the appalling idea that he, and perhaps others of his gang, might be sharing the solitude of this frozen coast with them was plainly to be read in her eyes, and her own prescription for dispelling it was probably the best that could be thought of. With a nod of assent, he rose and

went into the storeroom, returning the next moment with an armful of heavy prised and puzzled.

"In the old days of wooden ships," when they wanted to disclanchor, it's the dullest job in the world. But we need some for calking was dropping off to sleep," she said, up the cracks in our walls. Do you

"Mind!" she echoed, "Did you think wanted to do embroidery?"

He showed her how the work was to be done, and to five minutes she was busily engaged at it. She had moved to another bunk, a little further from the fire, and he, with innocent artifice, had contrived that the big soft sleeping-bag should be spread out under

Meanwhile he plunged into a systematic search, through journal and maps, for the thing that was to spell either life or death for them.

At the end of an hour he looked up suddenly, an exclamation of triumph on his lips. But at the sight of her, it died out in a smile. She had slipped down on the sleeping-bag, her head cradled in the crook of one arm. And she was fast asleep.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Discoveries.

The sunlight of another crystalline day had made a path of gold across the floor and half way up the wall when Philip roused himself from what he had intended to make the merest cat-nap on one of the bunks, and with difficulty rubbed his eyes open. The savour of something good to eat was already in his nostrils.

Jeanne, with her back to him, was bending over the fire, busy with the breakfast. She heard him stirring. and looked around.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to bang that pan down that way. I meant you to go on sleeping for hours and hours."

Looking fairly at him as he sat there on the bunk she saw his hands clutch tightly over the edge of it; saw the color go ebbing out of his face and then come surging back again. She had seen him do that once before.

"Why-what's the matter. Philip?" she asked.

"It's just the wonder of you," he said slowly; "of waking up to find you here, busy about this home of ouras if-as if it were all true. I've been very deep asleep."

"You'd better get ready for breakfast," she said, in a tone whose matter-of-fact inflection was a little exaggerated. "It's nearly ready."

When they had finished, and while they still sat face to face across the board plank which had served them for a table, Cayley leaned forward a little and, smiling, asked a question. "What's the secret, Jeanne? Your

eyes have been shining with mystery ever since we sat down here." She laughed. "You're much too penetrating. I didn't mean you even to

now, any way." She, too, leaned forward a little and shook her head at him with a tantalizing air of triumph.

"You didn't find the thing you were looking for last night in father's journal-the place where they hid the stores, I mean."

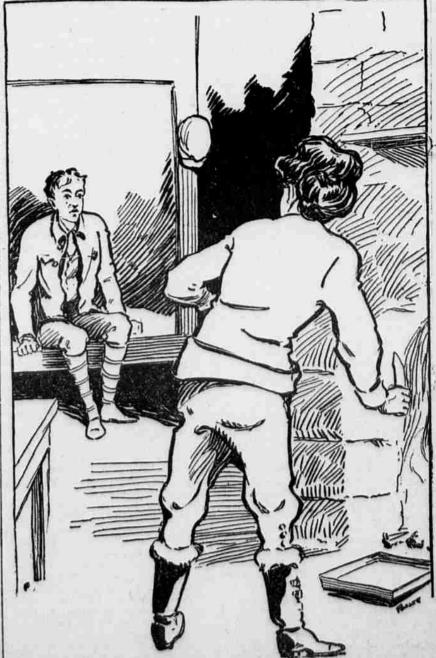
"Oh, but I did!" he cried. "I only waited to give you time to eat a necessary and sensible breakfast before I spoke of it. I had it on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we set about finding it in good earnest, when I saw, in your eyes, that you had a mystery of your own."

It was evident from the look in those eyes now that she was both sur-

"You found it last night!" she exclaimed. "Found it in the journal. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Valuable Asset.

Learn to say "No." It will be of more use to you than to learn to re-1 Latin.-Spurgeon.



"Why-What's the

Matter, Philip?"